

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.  
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAIN.  
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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*Charles C. Moore*  
Editor

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CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE POPE.

The Catholic Church is a political party within itself—the best organized of all political parties. It cares nothing for either of the two dominant political parties, only as it is able to play them for privileges and concessions.

It has divisions in its ranks at times, as is now demonstrated on the Friar question, but when it comes to voting, it is guided by the word sent down along the line.

Itself, absolutely, monarchical, it has nothing in common with Democratic institutions and at all times is insidiously at work to undermine them.

It now has the balance of power in the United States, and can make and unmake administrations and men.

The Pope now determines who shall or who shall not be President of the United States. The man who wants to be President must first earn the approval of the Catholic party, and make his pledges.

This is what Roosevelt is evidently doing. This little squabble among Catholics about the friars is only a by-play to mislead. They must make it appear that a difference exists.

The Friar matter is a trivial affair compared to the great issue which the Vatican has aimed at for a hundred years—that of its recognition as an independent power and establishing direct communication by accredited representatives.

First a Papal ambassador was sent to Washington, and all kinds of secret work employed to obtain his recognition by the State. But the time was not ripe—Catholics knew the art of hiding their time.

Roosevelt publicly proposed sending Judge Taft to the Vatican, and put this first as "a feeler." The subsidized press of America held its breath. Observing no clamor, Roosevelt himself, not Congress, deliberately sent Taft to Rome, with all the significance and power of an ambassador.

Judge Taft didn't want to go, having political aspirations himself. Roosevelt may have wanted to shelve him as he was looming up as a possible Presidential candidate.

We had already bought the Philippines paying \$20,000,000 for them, or \$2.00 a head for them, land and inhabitants, including the Friars.

The land and all the inhabitants thereof was ours. But the Catholic Church being a power within a power claims that it owned a portion of the land we bought.

So a dispute arose between the Vatican and the Washington government. Just how violent this secret dispute was, we, the people, knew nothing about.

Roosevelt, ambitious to succeed himself was confronted with the Catholic menace of revolt, and it looks very much as though he knuckled down to the Pope—one of his concessions being, that he send an ambassador to Rome to deal direct with the Vatican.

Does any one imagine that Roosevelt would take such a step, overthrowing all precedent and tradition, and brazenly defying the Constitution itself, without a selfish object in view?

This illegal and unconstitutional act, he covered with the veneer that it should be considered only as a "business transaction," when every knowing observer perceives that it is intended as the entering wedge to open up permanent diplomatic relations. In order to be elected the second time, Roosevelt has betrayed his country.

He is a greater traitor in my estimation and more a menace and danger than Benedict Arnold.

For this same act, is committed fifty years ago, he would have been mobbed and possibly hung.

Benedict Arnold sold out his command for a mess of pottage. Theodore Roosevelt has sold out his country for his re-election.

He may attempt to solace himself by the prevailing quiet attitude of the press on this matter.

This signifies nothing, as both of the old parties fear to offend Rome. Editors don't want to lose a single patron and so keep still about this greatest outrage against the Constitution.

The cowardly silence of the press does not lessen the wrong or palliate Roosevelt's crime.

Its complete subsidization is plainly seen, when I declare, as every one

knows, that not a single paper, Republican or Democrat in the whole country, would print what I am writing here, and other facts as self-evident and plain.

If the Republican party remains in power, it will be long before another "feeler" will be put out, as to the propriety of sending a Representative to the Vatican.

The cowardly press will say nothing as in this case, and at last the United States will become a toe-kisser and the most vital principle of government established by our fathers will be overthrown.

There is this hope, however, that this calamity will not occur.

The Catholic power is a demoralizing agent. It ruled the Democratic party for years, and so corrupted it, especially in the municipal government, that it became a stencher to the nostrils of every patriotic citizen.

Now, it is switching over to the Republican party. They are flocking in droves. It is bound, in time, to strangle the already rotten and bloated old bug. It contaminates everything it touches. It has been a drag to the Democratic party, and it will prove a load too heavy for the Republican party to carry.

Intelligence and patriotism will repudiate it here just as they do in Italy, France and other Catholic countries. It is anomalous that Catholic countries are clipping its tentacles, and that America is blindly seeking to embrace. Patriotism, principle, law and justice must be sacrificed that Theodore Roosevelt may succeed himself.

When Taft went to Rome, he was received with full papal honors, and all the glory and gow-gaws of barbaric sovereignty were spread before him.

He, the representative of America, knelt at the foot of a throne, and paid homage to a man who sets himself up as God Almighty, and the king of kings. He received presents from his hands, and the Vatican left nothing undone, taking advantage of this occasion, to dispose itself as an independent and physical power.

The Philippines today belong to us. They are a rag-tag and bob-tail.

If we want to keep any or drive out citizens of this country we do so without asking the Pope of Rome, or any one else. If we want the friars out of the Philippines, why don't we give them their walking papers without begging the leave of a foreign potentate?

If we can exempt the lands of the Indian tribes without asking the Pope of Rome, why not that of the Friars?

If we can put Indians on a reservation, why can't we bunch the Friars, who are savage of a type, that the American Indian, in his lowest stage of barbarism, never equalled. A pretty how-do-do, isn't it, that this government should be dictated to, as to the management of its own citizens and property, by a pretended power, whose recognition, in any manner, is forbidden by the constitution.

Why should the people of the United States be so humiliated and humbled? Why should we send a begging ambassador to the Pope, even under the consideration of business?

Why are we made to be beggars in this case? We bought the islands. The friars were against us in the war. We confiscate this property. It is ours. Now why should we, like whipped dogs, go to the Pope, begging him to take money for property we have already bought and confiscated.

Why did we have to go to Rome? Couldn't Taft just as well settled the dispute in Manila?

The position of the Pope in this case was that of a powerless suppliant, a helpless beggar, and if there was any coming at all, why not compel him to come to us?

Oh, no! "God" could not sacrifice any dignity by becoming a suppliant to our government, for he is the "king of kings, and the ruler of all government."

Never in the history of this government, has such a contemptible, degrading and traitorous act been committed, and all that Theodore Roosevelt may succeed himself by making a merchandise of the most vital principle of this free government, for the Catholic vote.

Not only the Pope, but the whole world has the laugh on us. We have permitted ourselves to become the objects of imperial derision, and we stand like stocks, saying nothing.

But there will be a retribution, and that will be a growing distrust of the Republican party, and finally it will die the death it ought to die.

Old superstition has given it the fatal stab, and in its death agony he'll broaden his scornful grin, give it another thrust, and triumphantly exclaim:

"Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither." J. B. W.

Webster City, Iowa, Aug. 8, '02.

Dear Brother Hughes:—The announcement of the lecture at Newton in this week's Blade should read August 24th, instead of August 14th. Wish you would correct this, I am sorry to trouble you. Best wishes to yourself and family.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

## DR. WILSON REVIEWS MARY MAC LANE.

Mary Mac Lane says she both lies and steals. That confession has shocked a good many, who do a thousand times more lying and stealing than "poor little Mary Mac Lane," as she calls herself.

Who of us who don't lie and steal in some manner or other? Every human being is a liar and thief. We are all truthful and honest only in degree, and some of us do not do so much of either as others.

The charm of Mary's book is that she is candid, frank and truthful, even to the point of admitting that she is a liar. Her book will bear reading, and the demand for it is large.

If Mary had depicted her nature, as the idealist pictures the saint in her novel—pure as the snow-drops, chaste and passionless as the December stars, truthful and honest, pious and guileless, sanctified beyond all possibilities of sin—had she thus talked about herself, every one would have said, "Oh, what a little liar!"

Why would they have said this? Because they know, from the evil of their own natures, that no such person exists. They would hold her in contempt because they would perceive that the truth was not in her.

But having told the truth about herself, admitting that she is mortal, that the good and evil are blended in her nature, as it is in every one, that she is weak, in some things, that she is selfish, and passionate, that she is a little liar, and a little thief, are they will damn her anyhow. She will never be taken up by good society as long as she persists in telling the truth.

In Mary Mac Lane, the young woman's nature and secret self is dragged to the surface and exposed to view. It is the secret story of thousands of the sweet creatures whom we look at, and whose seeming delicacy, purity and refinement lead us to regard them as angels. Mary has removed the halo nicely and more like it, is just what is needed for woman's better understanding of herself.

There are a lot of St. Catherines in society who are dirty-minded in the extreme, and whose greatest delight is in gossiping and telling filthy stories. These are others too infernally lazy to live, and too slothfully to be companionable to a hobo.

There are thousands of pious Madonnas who are aborting right along, and who are bestowing their maternal affections on poodle dogs, kittens and parrots.

There are multitudes of others to whom the cooking of a good meal, or any other domestic requirement is the veriest drudgery, and they imagine they are doing more for a man than they ought to, notwithstanding the man has set them up in a fine home, and surrounded them with comparative ease. The majority of women imagine that all the use a man has for a woman is the gratification of his lust. They think love in a man is nothing but lust.

They were never more mistaken. The majority of men understand the meaning of lust before they marry. If they take to lust after their marriage, it is nearly always due to woman's ignorance of the sex instinct, her distorted views of life, and domestic slowness and indifference.

When men love, they love the angel they think they are getting. They find that the celestial countenance which has captivated them, is but a disguise of the devil.

I go into many homes and am, as a confidant, and I know what I am talking about.

I am well known to the readers of this paper as an advocate of Woman's Rights. I am for the woman before I am for the man. The average woman is far superior to the average man. Woman as a class are better than men as a class. But men never fall so low as woman when they start downward.

I am not discussing women as a whole, but I am referring to a class of women—that artificial, sickly, sentimental, lazy, useless, unthinking, hypocritical, piously affected, high-toned class, with perverted sex and maternal instincts, who turn up their noses at the immature sentiments of Mary Mac Lane.

They are the worst enemies of their own sex. To them, every woman reformer, is a little queer, cranky and manish. Often they divide their precious time at the missionary society, and are too ignorant to know the wide distance between themselves and civilization.

Some weeks ago, I was called at

night to see a patient far out in one of the suburbs. While waiting for my return car at half after eleven, along staggered a citizen known to nearly every one in Cincinnati. His handsome home stood opposite from where I was waiting.

I greeted him, and after exchanging queries as to what each was doing out so late and alone, he said:

"Well, I am out, and I am pretty drunk, and the reason is, I have no home. Between North and South and the Missionary Society and Progressive church, I have no home. 'I don't understand you,' said I, 'your home across there is surely elegant, and I wish I could boast of such a possession.' 'Well, it's this way,' said he, 'a house don't make a home. If you come to it and find your wife gone all the time a man may as well stay away from it.'

"In the summer, it's too hot for my wife, and she goes North; in the winter it's too cold, and she has to go South. The few pleasant weeks between, she has to go to missionary societies and progressive churches every night, I go over and see if she's returned, and if she hasn't, we'll go back down to the saloon and get a drink. I told mama that I'd be home at 7, and to have dinner for me, and we'll spend the evening together, and I warned her if I found her out as usual, I was going to get drunk. Sure enough when I came home which was a little late she was gone, and left a note for me to come down to the missionary meeting which they generally turn into a progressive church and ice cream luncheon and stay till midnight and after. Now ain't that enough to make a man get drunk after enduring it for years?"

I do not cite the above as a common occurrence, but it is one of greater frequency, especially in large towns and cities than in generally known, and it is just such women, who drive men to the clubs, the saloons and the brothels, from very heart hunger. They are the kind of women, and men are legions who imagine that man's love is nothing but lust, and that, satisfied, there should be no kick a coming.

I told him that it was a weakness on his part to go and get drunk over it, and the remedy lay in giving her the choice of the wash-tub or going dirty, and to go North and South himself a few times, and take his typewriter along with him.

The sickly sentimentalism, that just because a woman is a woman, she should be regarded as something sacred and apart, don't find a lodgment in my understanding.

When I see so many of them scheming to banter their affections for money, and ease, thus making a cold sordid commercialism of marriage; when I see them kissing pug dogs instead of their own babies' lips; when I see their extravagance driving their husbands to distraction—when I see them sacrificing their domestic affections in their attempt to keep in step with snobbish society; when I see them ever ready with fiendish vindictiveness to crush the weak and fallen of their own sex; when I see them going to confession and slobbering around over a lot of wine-bloated lustful old hags, and deifying a lot of long-faced, living Protestant pretenders to divinity, and then turning up their noses and tucking their skirts in contempt of the Austons, Rickers, Phelps, and others of their own sex, when I see them by thousands gadding through the stores and downtown offices, supposedly out on shopping expeditions, when instead they are meeting congenial company and drinking highballs—it takes all such sentiments out of me.

The world is full of women who are the meanest of the meanest and the sleekest of the sleekest.

Men, with all their duplicity and with scheming women.

Illustrations could be given to prove this if they were printable.

So it is refreshing to me to read the book of "poor little Mary Mac Lane," by telling the bad in her nature as well as the good. She is thoroughly independent. The majority of women are not fit for the franchise, because they are, by choice, intellectual grovelers. But I am for the franchise with the hope that the liberty that comes with it, will change them.

Mary Mac Lane is but nineteen years of age. She has not experienced a broad view of life, being accustomed to the snail and barrenness, and crude in much of her thought—flighty and erratic. She seems to be wanting something badly, without knowing exactly what it is. Mary is all at sea about herself, like ninety-nine out of every ninety-nine of us.

She'll meet her Devil some time, and he'll break her heart and she'll be crushed and then she'll cease to write about herself. Her heart will then go out to others. She will sympathize with other people's sufferings, misfortunes and mental enslavements.

A fine sensitive soul like hers is

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

## ISONOMY.

A SKETCH OF JAMES ARMSTRONG, THE CATHOLIC EDUCATED JESUIT WHO IS ITS MAIN GUY.

I have been advised by one of the most able and most devoted friends of the Blade to pay no attention to what is being said against me by "Reed's Isonomy," of San Antonio, Texas, of which J. Guy Reed is the editor, but not "the main guy," that being one James Armstrong.

The argument used by my friend is that "The Isonomy" only wants the benefit of an advertisement in the Blade.

I think, too, that the advertisement is no inconsiderable part of The Isonomy's purpose, but while the paper claims to be infidel it is its scheme to beat any formidable infidel influence, because it is, really, but a Jesuit paper, getting in its work for the Catholic Church under the guise of being infidel paper.

Everything in "Isonomy" shows that it is working to take the place of Brann's Iconoclast which was also a Jesuit organ posing as an infidel paper, and Brann and two other men were killed and two others wounded in just such a fight with Protestant as was the natural result of his course.

Armstrong was educated by the Catholics. Since I wrote the greater part of what is in this issue of the Blade about Armstrong being a Jesuit I have learned, for the first time, that Armstrong was educated by the Catholics. I do not know the particulars but I am informed by an absolutely reliable despondent that while I was publishing the Blade in Cincinnati, Armstrong said "I am not a Catholic but I was educated by them," or words to that effect. It was not probable that any man would take pains to say he was not a Catholic unless there was good reason to believe he was such.

Nobody would expect me to say "I am not a Jew or a Christian," because there is no reason to suppose I am either. I have several times stated that as between Catholics and Protestants I had more sympathy for Catholics because in no instance of religious persecution has any Catholic taken any part against me, if I except two little mean tricks by Priest Barry, of Lexington that I have printed in the Blade.

This fact and the further fact that Priest Martin Mahoney, of Mendota, Minn., and I were good friends in our opposition to liquor is what probably induced the Catholics to set Armstrong to work on me, under the guise of his being an infidel when it appeared that Mahoney—a man whom I still love—could not convert me as a priest.

Armstrong, accordingly, as I think, began writing for the Blade and boosting me and my paper in fine shape.

There was always something that was objectionable about him but he seemed to be pretty bright and I did all I could to encourage him and tried to make something out of him, but finally found out there was nothing in him and chocked him off by criticism and by not printing his pieces.

There is nothing of importance about Armstrong or about Isonomy apart from the fact that it is one of the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" that are used by Catholic Jesuits to get in their work.

DID YOU EVER GET A SILVER DOLLAR IN THE MAIL.

One of the most singular pieces of mail that ever came to the local postoffice arrived here yesterday. It was a silver dollar with a two cent stamp on one side and a piece of paper on the other with an address on it. It was delivered to C. C. Moore, the editor of the Blue Grass Blade. Mr. J. E. Hughes, the manager of that paper, got it out of the lock box, and did not know what to do with it. He had no idea where it came from and for a time seemed at loss whether to put it in his pocket or not. About this time, however, Henry Milward happened along and seeing the peculiar piece of mail purchased it as a curiosity. It is supposed that Mr. Milward will frame it.—Morning Democrat.

Comment—Subsequent letter indicated that it came from Mr. C. W. Craven, Kellogg, Iowa.

The Los Angeles, California, Liberal Club meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., at 321½ South Main street, Turner Hall. Hon. George T. Bruce, Hon. C. Severance. Rostrum free to all.